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As o'er the land 'twixt widest east and west  
The wings of Day are spread,  
So life lies folded to thine ample breast,  
Nourished and comforted.

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## FRIGGA'S DIRGE.

FROM "BALDUR THE BEAUTIFUL."

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WEEP, weep for Baldur dead!  
For light, for beauty sped!  
For fairness from all fair things fled!  
Gone is our summer with its flush of flowers,  
    Its purpled plains,  
    Its sunset stains.  
Gone are its brooks, that babbled in green bowers,  
Its misted dawns, its scented dews and showers,  
    Its rainbowed rains—  
The glory of its golden hours  
    Endarkened wholly.  
Gone, gone our light of life and love!  
No more the iris-breasted dove,  
Melodiously melancholy,  
Croons o'er its plaint within the curtained grove.  
No daring wing the distance cleaves.  
No moth its gossamer shroud unweaves.  
No wind-awakened, lisp'ing leaves  
Whisper their pleasure o'er and o'er  
As Day unbars her lattice door,  
Night swooning at her knee;  
No more the sunbeam's glittering ball  
Rebounds from silver shield and wall,  
Drops from the dome o'er Gimli's Hall,  
Or flashes from the sea.  
No more! no more!

Evil hath laid its curse  
Across our universe.  
Lost is the god whom we implore.  
    Gloom and despair  
    Foul fruitage bear,  
    And ice sheets cover  
    The stark worlds over.  
Unstarred our eyes; unsunned our noons;  
Silent our skalds; forgot our runes;  
    Daytime and night are one.  
Adown the desperate years  
We call with steadfast tears.  
No bitterer Hel can be  
Than Heaven, missing thee,  
Baldur—our life! our sun!

GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.